

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

War-time
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Into the Valley of the Shadow

MY soul, sit thou a patient looker-on,
Judge not the play before the play is done.
Her plot hath many changes; every day
Speaks a new scene: the last act crowns the play.

THE long quiet is over. The sound of the marching of the captains of death is upon us. We can almost hear the humming of their wings.

They draw near as the Island is clothed in a glory fit to be the Gate of Heaven. Our meadows were never so green. Our buttercup fields were never so lovely. Our lanes were never more friendly to the traveller in search of peace.

The wistaria is blooming on the walls of our old houses, the lilac is in its glory, the laburnum is hanging like golden lace, and the gardeners are trimming the lawns, for spring is come and summer will be here. The sun shines over England, and all is well.

England's Deep Silences

The wild, whirling world we read of in the papers (tanks crushing everything before them, bombs crashing in the streets, searchlights flashing through the sky, guns thundering) has seemed far away, and we are spellbound by the beauty all about us. The news that Parliament was angry about something seemed like a whisper in the stillness that filled the earth.

It is not in Parliaments that this country is herself; her spirit lives in her deep silences, in her little hills and dales. It lives in those enchanting haunts where William Blake strolled piping down the valley wild and John Wesley rode on horseback talking to the people on the village greens. Here Peace has made her home for a thousand years, and here it seems as if nothing could break the spell of the little Island with its far-flung power.

AND now there comes a word that stirs the Island to its depths. The German Army is coming on. The war which seemed so far away is drawing nearer. The greatest power the forces of evil ever built up in the world is moving towards these green fields where Liberty was born.

The Irresistible and the Irremovable

This nation, so much better at peace than at war, must once more steel itself to face the hordes of death, to pass through the Valley of the Shadow. All through the long months of waiting the Event has seemed far off. Never has war touched the Island, and it had seemed that the world might have reached the stage when the weapons of war had grown too horrible for use. Not far away

the greatest military powers on earth were faced in two long lines: the Irresistible and the Irremovable had met at last, and the Island settled down to the long suspense.

Was this strangest of all wars to be fought and won without the killing of multitudes of men?

Was sea power winning against the menace of the air?

Would a miracle happen to end the war and lift up our hearts to the skies?

Was Germany exhausting herself so that she had no hope of renewing her supplies?

Outward Signs of War

A thousand emotions surge through our lives. We have grown used to the little outward signs of war that have found their place in every home. We no longer think it odd to have a bucket of sand at the bedroom door, or a pump in the corridor. We have grown used to walking up in the dark rooms not knowing whether it is half-past three or half-past seven. We forgot what a penny post was like long ago, and now we are saving stamps because they are so expensive.

We are wearing our old clothes. Our newspapers are smaller and smaller. We are saving our envelopes to write on, and are going through our bookshelves for books that can be sent to the paper-mill.

It is surprising how precious a scrap of paper becomes when the

German army is in Scandinavia. Like some rude waking from a dream comes the shock of war to a peaceful people, suddenly confronting them with new facts, new problems, and a possible revolution of their lives. The suspense is over, and for that a man must be thankful; the battle is waged for the right to be free.

But it is impossible not to be moved by the thought of the conflict of the vast imponderable forces of the modern world. Is the earth beginning to quake under our feet? Are all the things that have seemed like a rock to us suddenly to begin to crumble? Have we been right in thinking that Justice and Truth and Liberty could not be beaten? Can it be that the moral basis of our lives can be overthrown, that man who has built up the world from a jungle can be beaten by the things he makes?

It is the feeling that a man is a puny thing that comes to us as we look out on all this wonder from a Kent hilltop and listen to the guns, and hear the news that the enemy is coming on. This little land has sent out freedom to the ends of the earth and has no ill-will for any land, but the Pagan Power is marching on, and there is a tingle in the blood of every man in the United Kingdom. But there is no fear.

An Infinite Calm

There is an overwhelming pity that it should be so. There is an infinite pride of our Homeland and the things she has done for mankind. There is a poignant anxiety for the future of all those millions of children who do not know, and the young folk who know enough to be afraid. But for the rest there is nothing but an infinite calm, an unflinching trust in God who has guided us thus far, and a dauntless faith that the life of the free peace-loving peoples cannot perish from the earth.

THE BLACK DEED OF THE GESTAPO

This is the plain story of one of the foulest things ever done in the world, the blackest deed of Hitler's Gestapo. The Boy Scouts Association has investigated it and is satisfied that it is true.

Shall we think of these hundred boys on Sunday night as we listen to the national anthems? This is the naked spirit of evil that we fight against, that we must conquer if the world is to endure.

From the time of the taking of Bydgoszcz agents of the Gestapo have been pursuing the Polish Scouts.

They rounded up more than a hundred of them and herded them in front of the town hall. They were young boys of between 10 and 16, wearing either Scout uniform or school clothes.

Passers-by did not realise at first what it was all about. The guards suddenly spread out and the Scouts were lined up in front of the wall of the town hall. Opposite them the Germans set up a machine-gun.

The Scouts realised at last what was to take place, and took off their hats; from a church a priest came out and forced a way for himself through the crowd. The Germans held him back, but the priest raised his hands and with the crucifix held aloft gave benediction to these youngsters who awaited their death. The Scouts knelt and offered up their prayers.

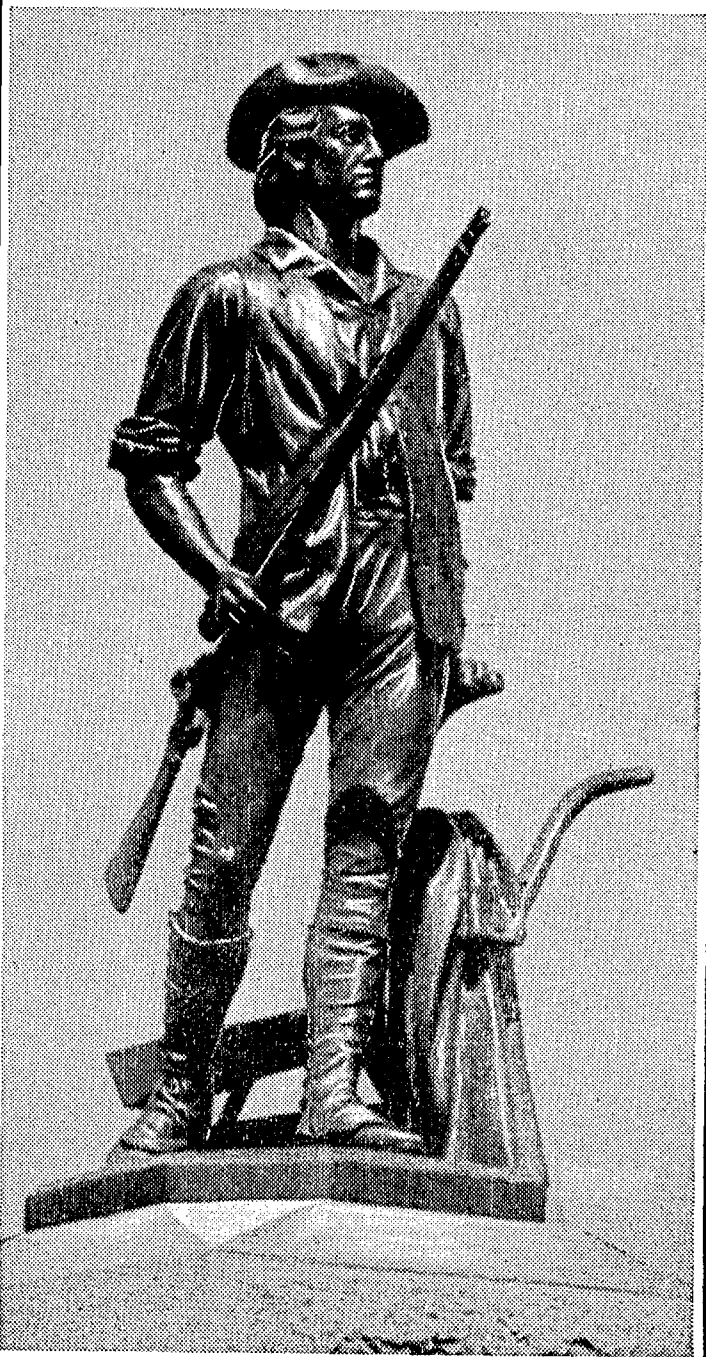
From the Germans there came a short order. The soldiers manned the machine-gun, while the Scouts sang the Polish National Anthem. At this moment the priest was removed by force and the Scouts straightened up, crying out *Long Live Poland*.

The stutter of a machine-gun broke out, and the brave Scouts fell one after the other, with a last cry of *Long live Poland*! Even some of the Germans could not bear to witness this dreadful sight, and went away murmuring, "Diese kleine Helden" (These little heroes).

THEY SHALL MOUNT UP WITH WINGS

HAST thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? There is no searching of His understanding. He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall, but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint. Isaiah

The Minute Man



THERE has been a wonderful response to the appeal for recruits to the new Local Defence Volunteers, men who will be ready all over the country to deal with Hitler's parachutists.

In the American War of Independence there was a great organisation of militia men who remained on their farms but were pledged to appear at a minute's notice, so that they were called the Minute Men. This monument at Concord, in Massachusetts, is a memorial to them, and on the stone pedestal are these four lines:

*By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.*

The Cry For the C N

THE Editor greatly regrets that owing to the paper shortage there are not enough C N's to go round. It has become necessary to limit the number printed.

As we do not wish that Hitler should destroy the C N we beg that those who succeed in getting it will do their utmost to help those who do not.

In nearly all cases it will be possible to obtain from your newsagent the

address of a subscriber living near, and it will probably be possible to arrange with the fortunate subscriber to pass on the paper when it is done with.

If readers will raise this matter with their newsagents the Editor is confident that they will be willing to lend a helping hand to keep unbroken the chain of C N readers throughout the country.

THE MAGINOT LINE AGAINST THE MOSQUITO

An Enemy Threatening the Very Veins of a Country

WHILE the war for human freedom is at its height, with America more and more deeply concerned, another war goes on in which America also has a vital interest. It is a new phase of the long war against malaria, and a remarkable story is told of it in the new report of the Rockefeller Foundation, reviewing its work for last year.

One of the mosquitoes carrying the seeds of malaria, *Anopheles Gambiae*, appears to have reached America either by aeroplane or on a French destroyer. It was first found in Brazil in 1930, and since then has travelled 300 miles with the prevailing winds, westward from the coast. It has spread itself over 12,000 square miles, and health workers are alarmed by what has happened.

Controlling the Invader

One distinguished expert in malaria declares that this invasion of *Gambiae* threatens the continent with a catastrophe compared with which ordinary pestilence and even war are small calamities, "for *Gambiae* literally enters into the very veins of a country, and may remain to plague it for centuries."

In one year the mosquito reached a point 115 miles from where it was first seen, and though great droughts checked its progress for some years it crept on at about 40 miles a year, probably carried along the shore in boats. Last year it had spread so far that the Rockefeller Foundation spent 100,000 in fighting it, and over 100,000 people were treated for disease it had caused.

By mid-summer a staff of 2000 doctors, technicians, scouts, inspectors, guards, and labourers was available, all trained in keeping the mosquito in check. It breeds mainly in shallow rain-water pools open to the sun; it does not lay eggs in permanent deep water, but has the curious habit of taking advantage of every little depression in the ground, such as wheel tracks or animal footprints, where water remains a little while. In the rainy season, with daily showers, the mosquito is a terrific enemy to fight.

The Wonderful Forts of Liège

LIÈGE, the Belgian Sheffield on the Meuse, has covered itself once more with glory by its heroic resistance to the Nazi hordes. Its stand against the tremendous force of the Germans has been one of the proudest chapters of the war so far.

In August 1914 its twelve forts held out under General Leman for the critical ten days which enabled Joffre to stand firm on the Marne and save Paris. General Ludendorff, with 17-inch guns smashing forts designed to resist 8-inch shells, finally captured Fort Loncin and General Leman.

Colonel Modard, the commander of this fort in 1914, has again been resisting the German invaders to the death in supreme command of the Liège forts. These form a

The frontiers of this war against the *Gambiae* are marked by fumigation posts, which form a sort of Maginot Line against the mosquito. It has been planned that a ten-mile zone beyond its farthest known limit shall be made impossible for it by preventing the accumulation of pools; the surface of the ground is treated to prevent this, and the method of treatment is known as the "scorched earth" policy, as the mosquito cannot survive without water. The whole of this region is mapped from the air, so that no pools, ponds, or patches of water can be overlooked; and the adult mosquitoes are sought and killed in the houses with poison sprays. Every car and plane that leaves infested areas is fumigated, and every boat is disinfected.

By the end of last year the mosquito had been pushed back to the river valleys and the coast, and if it can be held within its present limits during the wet season of 1940 the army fighting it can begin to look forward to its extermination.

It will be a tremendous victory against one more evil thing; but the end is by no means certain yet, for in this war, as in the European war, there are enemies within the gate. The chief of these Quislings is the indifference of so many people to the danger that threatens all.

The Rockefeller Forces

Thus in one case the mosquito was transported many miles into clean territory by an old broken-down car which used a rough track in the jungle to avoid the fumigation post on the main road, and in another case a small fishing boat carried a mosquito to the coast, driving a wedge in the defence line.

But the fight goes on, and the wet season of 1940 will decide it. On one side is the little mosquito *Anopheles Gambiae*; on the other is the famous Rockefeller Foundation with a staff of thousands of trained men. We think the Foundation will win, and good people everywhere will thank God once more for the splendid use Mr Rockefeller made of his great fortune.

Maginot Line around the city, with 100-foot walls of concrete and steel rising above the Albert Canal, and far below this canal vast store-rooms for food and ammunition 100 feet deep, food for a year's siege being stored in air-tight chambers.

Every kind of gun is mounted within the thick walls, while galleries run underground to outposts beyond, all connected by land line and wireless with the main fort.

Namur, too, lying south where the Rivers Sambre and Meuse meet, has been resisting as valiantly as in the Great War, when 12,000 fell on either side before its forts were shattered. Its hilltop forts are also of enormous strength, and their resistance has been one of the magnificent feats in this war.

Little News Reels

The flames from an oil store in Germany set on fire by the RAF rose so high that small print could be read two miles up in the clouds.

An offer has been made by boys of Sedbergh School to work on Westmorland farms during the summer holidays.

Over 30 tons of surplus railings have been collected by the Office of Works and sold as scrap.

Mrs Annie Smith of Bromley has nine sons in the Army, five serving overseas; her grandfather was on the Victory with Nelson.

Nearly 25 miles of the aqueduct being built to increase Rome's water supply has been opened.

The public is appealed to by the Ministry of Food to carry home their purchases; everything you carry helps.

The figures of the alien population living in one of our northern cities at the beginning of the war shows that the number was 1735, and that they represented 36 nationalities.

Scottish fishermen returning to port the other day brought with them some maps from a Nazi plane which they found in their nets.

Hearing that the Ministry of Supply was appealing to people to save metal discs from bottles, a Staffordshire woman has already rescued 5000 of these discs.

Every soldier in the field needs about half a ton of things a month to keep him going.

In addition to about 3000 electric colour-light signals the LMS has 20,000 signals illuminated by lamps which consume 750,000 gallons of oil yearly.

Since last July the Ford Company has produced for home use 15,000 farm tractors; and it is hoped soon to begin production of a lighter type which can be used for haulage as well as for cultivating processes.

The Los Angeles Public Library has had the lovely idea of encouraging people to read in the open air as well as in its reading-rooms; and books are now distributed to readers on the beautiful lawns round the building.

A Colonial wireless chain has been established and some of our remote Colonies have been able to talk to each other by radio for the first time.

Guide and Scout News Reel

Rawtenstall and Bacup Scouts and Guides have collected 20,000 eggs for Bury Hospital and Rochdale Infirmary.

James Arthur Hall, 16, of the 4th Hartlepool Troop, has received the Cornwell Scout Decoration; encased in a plaster suit at Hartlepool Hospital, he is described as the happiest patient of all.

The Chatham Headquarters of Medway Scouts are open every Monday night and a welcome is offered to any Scout serving with the Forces.

The Queen, herself a Guide, made a contribution to Guide Gift Week; and the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret, attached to the 10th Windsor Company, joined in with their fellow Guides.

The 18th Barnsley Rangers have given their headquarters to Belgian refugees, and have offered their services to help the refugees.

Girl Guides Headquarters ask us to say that they hope British Guides will do everything in their power to discover whether there are any Dutch or Belgian Guides in their districts, so that they can befriend them.

Cornwall Has a New Blackberry

It is not often nowadays that a plant new to science is discovered growing wild in the English countryside, but this has happened in Cornwall.

Close observation of wild brambles since 1921 drew the attention of Mr R. Rilstone of Perranzabuloe to the fact that from Land's End to The Lizard, and even 40 miles away in Pydar, there was flourishing an abundant and widespread bramble quite different from the hundreds of our other brambles. Now it has been given its special name, *Rubus Pydarvensis*.

There is no more fascinating page in botany than the discovery of a new bramble, for of all plants these do not yet seem to have settled down with us. They are in such an active state of evolution that all over Europe they seem still to be adjusting themselves to the varied conditions of growth, producing new varieties and even new

species to meet with the varying types of countryside. When Linnæus classified the plants of the world he knew of only half a dozen brambles in Europe, but there are now 116 species and 97 varieties in Britain alone, and on the Continent there are 4000 wild forms of this popular wayside fruit.

Truly they may all seem but blackberries and brambles, but they have their differences. The new Cornish species has a bluntly angular or roundish stem, clustered with hairs. Its prickles are bright red at the base and yellow at the point. Its leaves are rather small, with a close white felt of hairs beneath, their wavy edges finely toothed. The flowers have white sepals and small pink petals which turn almost white; the stamens are also white. But what interests most of us, the fruit is a blackberry of fair size and most excellent quality, first becoming a shining red and then a glossy black.

From the Other Side of the World

We give ourselves the privilege of taking these notes on wild life from an Australian paper which has just reached us. It is a narrow line between human and animal life in that great continent.

Rats. Stockmen have had to ring their camps with huge fires to keep off rats moving across the far north of South Australia. Pack-bags, saddles, and harness have been eaten through. The roughest damper is manna to the rats, which are moving south at the rate of from 10 to 12 miles a day.

Mouse. A musical mouse has been found by an East Moree mechanic, who says that every night when his radio is playing the mouse appears, sits on its haunches, cocks its head, and listens intently.

Snakes. Miss Ruby Kirkham of Daylesford, put her hand in a rabbit burrow yesterday to get a

ferret. Instead of the ferret she pulled out a 6-foot black snake. Her dress protected her when the snake struck and she was unhurt. Driven for cover by the scarcity of water, death-adders are moving by day through open paddocks in the Muswellbrook district. Nine were killed on one property.

Bull. A man flung a coat over the head of a bull which ran amuck in Warrnambool. The bull tore the coat to pieces, charged a motor-car, overturned a fruit stall, routed a man who had taken refuge in a Chinaman's garden, and then took charge of a street. Stockmen captured the bull—when it had cooled down.

Fish. Thousands of carp were stranded in the mud when the dam at the idle Invincible Colliery at Cullen Bullen was drained. Hundreds of cranes are feeding on the fish.

NEWS DICTIONARY

Bridgehead. The military term used for the region about an important bridge, specially fortified to protect that bridge.

Clemenceau. Prime Minister of France in the last stages of the Great War, he was called the Tiger for his indomitable fierce spirit. His right-hand man, M. Mandel, has been appointed French Minister of the Interior.

Luftwaffe. This is the German word for its air forces, literally the air-arm.

Verdun. A fortress town on the Meuse famous for its marvellous defence in 1916 against the full force of German might. Marshal Pétain, now Vice-Premier of France, defended it with a watchword which has become historic, *They Shall Not Pass*.

Weygand. General Maxime Weygand, now Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies in all the theatres of war, was Commander-in-Chief of the French Army from 1931 to 1936, and was recalled from his command in the Near East to take up the higher task. His ability in a supreme crisis was recognised in the last war, when he was Chief of Staff to General Foch; and he is on that account called Foch's Shadow.

THINGS SEEN

A robin seen singing in the porch of a church during the service.

A blackbird's nest built on a step-ladder in the corner of a garden at Heswall in Cheshire.

A quarter of a million tulips in full bloom in the parks of Leeds.

Story From a Golf Course

An admirable story has been sent to us from a CN reader in New Zealand, where the Minister of Public Works has shown himself to be equal to his task.

A company of 57 relief men were set to work on a golf course, and as it was found that Communist literature was being spread in relief works, urging men to rebel and arm themselves, the New Zealand Minister of Works, Mr Semple, had a look round to see how things were going on. Coming to the golf course, he found the 57 men anything but busy there, and, stripping himself to the waist, Mr Semple (who is 67) took a shovel and a barrow and in ten minutes did as much work as two of the men were doing in one day.

Then he sacked the lot.

Shops Taking More Money

Shopkeepers have lately been doing more trade than in 1939, or perhaps we ought to say they are taking more money, for prices have risen so greatly that they greatly affect the facts.

In March this year retail sales were nearly 13 per cent higher than last year. This figure, however, is less than the average increase in prices, so that while more money was spent at the shops, less was bought.

We are fortunate indeed that, in such a wide-flung war we are so well able to maintain supplies, and our debt to those brave men who fetch them and protect them cannot be exaggerated.

The Men Who Collect the Star Dust

WHENEVER a meteorite comes crashing into the earth's atmosphere it sprinkles a pinch of dust on the earth. The amount of this meteoric dust from the millions of meteorites thus reaching us has often been guessed at, but a truly scientific inquiry is now being conducted by Dr H. H. Nininger. He collects star dust with magnets. In other words, wherever dust from the skies is deposited, on mountain tops, or

on high trees, on Arctic snows, or sunk in the ocean ooze, or on the exits from the gutters of roofs, he and his assistants examine it with magnets to find what amount of nickel iron it contains. Nickel iron is the chief of the metals of meteorites; and its dust falls from the skies 300 feet a minute. But all that falls in 1000 years would cover the earth with a layer no thicker than a sheet of this paper.

June 1, 1940

The Children's Newspaper

3



The Boy Behind the Plough

At the Chadacre Agricultural Institute near Bury St Edmunds schoolboys of 16 and over are going through a three-month course to enable them to help in the production of food

What a Penny Will Buy

GOING, going, gone, are nearly all the things a penny can buy. But some are left.

The penny postage stamp will still send the C.N. anywhere in the British Isles.

The penny bun remains. It may be a currant bun or a Chelsea bun; but it still costs only a penny and has for companions the penny scones (smaller ones two for a penny), or a small packet of biscuits.

The penny ice is still on the streets. We may stop the man with the white barrow and take one.

The penny newspaper which costs twopence to print sells by the million.

A penny will buy a packet of postcards, a picture postcard, or a birthday card.

There is still a penny pen or a penny pencil with which to write in a penny notebook, and you may buy a pennyworth of envelopes.

Also you may buy a piece of India rubber for a penny. Book matches have increased in price but are a penny a book.

Not many books are still sold for a penny, though there are still some children's toybooks to be bought for that, and one book of the times stands out. It is a penny book to hold your registration card.

Sweets are rising, but there are penny packets of caramels, and

jujubes, gums, marzipan, and salted peanuts.

Penny packets of seeds—peas, carrots, pansies, marigolds, and a dozen other products of the flower and kitchen gardens. Dig for victory and plant a penny packet.

A shelf bracket, a tube of rubber solution for the cycle, a hook for the door, a knob for the cupboard, ten nails, ten screws, two ounces of tacks—are all going still for a penny a time.

A packet of pins, a yard of lace trimming, a yard of silk ribbon, a yard of elastic—each and all at a penny.

And you may buy a penny candle to light you to bed.

To See The Train

There was no stopping Colin Moreland when he made up his mind the other day.

He wanted to see a train, for he was six and had never seen one. So the little fellow walked seven miles barefoot from his home to the nearest station. More, in New South Wales! A lady in Melbourne was so touched at hearing Colin's story that she sent him a toy train.

SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR

We may rejoice in the fact that Canada has now a record stock of wheat, no less than 372,000,000 bushels, which is nearly twice as much as last year. There is special cause for rejoicing, for the voyage across the Atlantic is the safest journey in war, so that we may rely on Canadian good bread.

Another happy thing is that Canada has doubled her exports to the home country of bacon and hams; the trade reached 84 million lbs in the first three months of this year. This is welcome because of the falling off of Scandinavian supplies.

THE NEW MAGNETS

Magnets are playing an increasingly important part in industry. The magnet is the heart of electric motive power and the more recent automatic devices. Modern equipment is adopting small permanent magnets on a large scale.

It has been found that by alloying iron with nickel, cobalt, and aluminium, magnetic materials can be formed of astonishing strength. Interest in this matter has lately increased, and there have been remarkable developments in England, America, and Japan. This alloy is known as sintered alnico, and an alnico magnet has a normal lifting power of 500 times its own weight. In fact, a magnet assembly incorporating alnico has recently been made in America which has lifted 4450 times its own weight.

The employment of permanent magnet alloys ranges from wireless loud speakers and microphones to high-tension magnetos and sensitive galvanometers. They are also being used in increasing numbers in watt-hour meters, direct current instruments, and in small motors.

A TREE WEEK DOWN IN DORSET

IN wartime our trees assume an importance not always accorded to them in days of peace, so the work of the Men of the Trees is of exceptional value today. It is vital to the future of our countryside that discrimination should be used in what is cut down and what is planted in its place.

Captain St Barbe Baker's excellent society is therefore not relaxing its work, and will hold its Summer School in the last week of July at Puncknoll Manor in Dorset. Wishing to know something about this happily named place, we turned to the King's England

volume and found this appropriate sentence:

A very charming manor house with rambling roofs showing how it has grown through the centuries like a living tree.

In describing the village, too, Arthur Mee writes of the great trees along one side of its wide street, and the yews and chestnuts almost hiding the ancient church.

The lovely old house stands by this church, and the Men of the Trees could hardly have chosen a more delightful spot for their annual meeting. We wish our Tree Men a very happy and helpful week

GRAVE NEWS

The Gestapo in Prague had a bad headache the other morning. The undaunted Czechs had spent a busy night in all the city churchyards and cemeteries, and on every tombstone had plastered a bill reading:

Czechs! Rise up and leave room for the Germans!

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Plant out tomatoes; they should be protected at night for some time after planting out. Make weekly sowings of mustard and cress. Herbaceous plants which were propagated from cuttings put in during the autumn should now be put in the open.

The Poverty of a Rich & Great Country

MANY extraordinary things are happening in the world of 1940, and among them the poor relief problem of the United States takes a high place.

Here is a land measuring 3,000,000 square miles (over three-quarters the area of Europe), but with a population only one-quarter as big as Europe's. It has only 40 people to the square mile of magnificent territory, where so many desirable

resources are abundant and available. Yet this naturally rich land, the richest in the world, has 10,000,000 unemployed, and its government finds itself compelled to provide free meals for millions. Surely such a contrast between natural wealth and unnatural poverty demands and should find solution. There are naturally poor European States that present no such unhappy contrast as this.

THE LISTENING MAGPIES

There was consternation at Canberra not long ago when it was discovered that someone was listening-in to communications between the Naval Wireless Station and the British Admiralty. The power line was short-circuited and there was a hue and cry after the culprits.

It was an hour before they were found, and then they had nothing to say for themselves, for they had been electrocuted. All that was left of them were two pairs of legs, a beak, and a little heap of feathers—the scorched remains of two magpies, who had chosen the power line as a quiet place for a gossip. They would still be chattering if one of them had not touched another wire with its beak, completing a circuit and destroying them both.

MAKING SLOUCHERS INTO MEN

We have been glad to receive good news from the National Association of Boys Clubs concerning the effect of army life on their members.

A magistrate connected with the Boys' Club movement declares that there is a great change in the boys serving in the Forces, and that lads who were "sallow-faced, stooping slouchers" now hold themselves erect, and look "as fit as mustard and as hard as iron." The change is not only outward, he adds, it is also inward.

These two extracts from boys' letters seem to say that the magistrate is right:

Apart from building you up physically and mentally, the Army makes a philosopher of you, and this helps a terrific lot when things go wrong.

I have left the best side of my life behind, and, if serving the country now means a swift return to it, then I do my job with more than a willing heart. I am taking the worst side in my stride. Let it come!

YET ANOTHER WHEAT

Yet another new wheat, rich in promise for the future, has been bred by the united efforts of four Canadian wheat breeders. It is to be called Marquillo wheat, and is almost the first wheat able to resist the attacks of fungus and of insect. It can resist stem rust, ordinary rust, mildew, and joint worm as well as Hessian fly. It is armoured against nearly every ill that can befall a wheat.

THE FLYING DOCTORS

Last year the Flying Doctors of Australia's great outback flew 92,486 miles.

There are now six bases, at Cloncurry, Wyndham, Port Hedland, Kalgoorlie, Broken Hill, and Alice Springs; and there are 188 outposts linked with these bases by pedal wireless sets. Over 37,000 messages were transmitted over the system last year. It has been estimated that each of the ambulance flights cost from £20 to £30, while the cost of maintaining all six flying doctor bases will amount to £20,000 this year.

WHY THE FOUNTAIN DOES NOT WORK

"Why is the fountain not working?" everyone is asking as they pass the statue of Prometheus at the Rockefeller Centre in New York.

And when they hear the reason why they go and peer excitedly into the fountain, looking for the two nests the workmen discovered the other day just as they were about to turn on the water. The men told Mr Nelson Rockefeller, who ordered that the birds were on no account to be disturbed.

The Lost Bottle on the Beach

ONE June day a hundred years ago two men solemnly buried a bottle on a beach on New Zealand's Farthest South, Stewart Island. Little did they dream of the trouble they were giving future generations.

The diggers were Captain Joseph Nias of the frigate *Herald*, which took possession of the island in 1840, and Major Bunbury, and in the bottle was a very important document—the island's birthright, the proclamation of sovereignty.

Ever since then Stewart Islanders, mostly whaling and oyster men, have been on the look-out for

the lost bottle. Although its position was carefully noted at the time in the log of *HMS Herald*, no trace of it has been found, and it is thought that earthquakes may have been responsible for its disappearance. Four years ago *HMS Dunedin* made a special trip to the island and hundreds of sailors searched the beaches for the treasure trove, but it was all in vain.

New Zealand's centenary has been the signal for another search and if the bottle is not found now a cairn will be put up to mark the spot where the naval party landed.

THE FIDDLER'S BOW AND THE HORSE'S TAIL

Wigmakers in America are having a hair-raising time just now, for the war has meant that no hair can be imported from Poland and Central Europe, which up till now have been big hair markets.

Most perturbed of all are the wiggers at the Metropolitan in New York, where the opera singers have to wear weighty coiffures and beards in their various roles. As a result the wig market in Paris is being swamped with orders from America.

Horses in Siberia need no longer worry about the fate of their tails. Up till now the finest violin bows have been made of over 100 hairs from their tails, but now a man in Philadelphia has invented a stainless steel wire that is lighter than the hair of the horse, and it may mean the end of the horsehair bow.

USE SACCHARINE

We shall probably have to tolerate the disappearance of sugar from restaurant tables, so serious is the shortage. If the Food Ministry has to cut down rations we shall have to carry a substitute about with us, as we did towards the end of the Great War. It was then that many people sweetened their tea with saccharine, as they should do now.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



Two Conquerors

THE treatment of her victims by Germany leads us to compare two ways of doing things.

When Germany assumed that she had conquered Italy in the last war, after Caporetto, all who were able to work were ordered to toil in the harvest fields from dawn to dusk. The order said:

Lazy workmen will be imprisoned for six months, and every third day will be given nothing but bread and water.

Lazy women will be obliged to work, and after the harvest receive six months' imprisonment.

Lazy children will be punished by beating.

The Commandant reserves the right to punish lazy workmen with twenty lashes daily.

So Germany treated the Italians in their hour of defeat.

When General Allenby entered Jerusalem he said:

It is my desire that every person should pursue his lawful business without fear of interruption.

THINKING

I AM thinking of a terrace
In a little Cornish town,
Where the Springtime decks its
hedgerows

With rare gems from Flora's gown.
And I mind those happy moments

When I paced it to and fro,
Listening to the magic music
Of the Tamar's rhythmic flow.

O, I still think of that terrace,
And a charming cottage fair;
Of the lilac and laburnum:

How I wish that I were there!
Egbert Sandford

Separate Premises

AS there is a paper shortage, may we suggest that the Ministry of Labour should cease sending out notices like this?

Separate departments on the same premises are treated as separate premises for this purpose where separate branches of work which are commonly carried on as separate businesses in separate premises are carried on in separate departments on the same premises.

JUST AN IDEA

One thing we were delighted to read the other day—that you may get along with a wooden leg but not with a wooden head.

Under the Editor's Table

AN artist says it is restful to live near a river. But you can't go to sleep in its bed.

NEW taxation is being tried in Australia. But Australians say it is trying.

Now that we have a smaller sugar ration we shall have to lump it.

THE war is adding new words to the language. But we want deeds not words.

SHOES are coming from Eire. Anybody in them?

Peter Puck Wants To Know



ITALIAN students want to see Hitler in London. They must go to Madame Tussaud's.

If you put a sign out, says a shopkeeper, many people pass it heedlessly. Some take it in.

A NEWSPAPER article was headed: An Onion Tip for Gardeners. It won't go far.

To cure Hitlerism, says a correspondent, Germany should be occupied. Isn't it?

JULIAN GRENFELL'S BATTLE HYMN

This wonderful poem was written in springtime during the last war by the heroic Julian Grenfell, whose name will live with it in English literature.

THE naked earth is warm with Spring,
And with green grass and bursting trees

Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,
And quivers in the sunny breeze;

And Life is Colour and Warmth and Light,
And a striving evermore for these;

And he is dead who will not fight;
And who dies fighting has increase.

THE fighting man shall from the sun

Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth;

Speed with the light-foot winds to run,

And with the trees to newer birth;

And find, when fighting shall be done,
Great rest, and fullness after dearth.

THE woodland trees that stand together,

They stand to him each one a friend;

They gently speak in the windy weather;

They guide to valley and ridges' end.

THE kestrel hovering by day

And the little owls that call by night

Bid him be swift and keen as they,

As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

THE blackbird sings to him,
Brother, brother,

If this be the last song you shall sing,

Sing well, for you may not sing another;

Brother, sing.

IN dreary, doubtful, waiting hours,

Before the brazen frenzy starts,
The horses show him nobler powers;

O patient eyes, courageous hearts!

AND when the burning moment breaks,

And all things else are out of mind,

And only joy-of-battle takes
Him by the throat and makes him blind,

THROUGH joy and blindness he shall know,

Not caring much to know, that still

Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so

That it be not the Destined Will.

THE thundering line of battle stands,

And in the air Death moans and sings;

But Day shall clasp him with strong hands

And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

LITTLE HOLLAND'S VAST EMPIRE

THE ruthless invasion of Holland has raised the question of her vast dominions far distant from the Motherland, yet closely linked together by a tradition of nearly three centuries and by the natural sympathy of a just and liberal-minded people.

The name India means as much to the Dutch as to us, for their colonies in the Old World are called Netherlands Indies, or more generally the Dutch East Indies, while those in the New World are the Dutch West Indies, the most important (Dutch Guiana) having been received in exchange for territories now dominated by New York. Thus it has come to pass that America, whose biggest city was founded by the Dutch, is to guarantee the security of the Dutch Colonies so that they can remain models of good and enlightened government.

Altogether the colonial possessions of Holland have an area of 788,000 square miles with a population of 70,000,000, of whom about

a quarter of a million are in the region covered by the Monroe Doctrine.

The Dutch East Indies lie along the air route to Australia, and it is their needs that have inspired the Dutch to build up a great fleet of air-liners. These tropical islands extend from Sumatra (south of Malaya) to half-way across New Guinea, where the great mountain Juliana looks down from almost 15,000 feet on some of the smallest inhabitants of the world, the Negrito pygmies. Java, most of Borneo, Celebes, Molucca, Flores, and Timor are the biggest of the other islands.

Life in all its variety has few regions in the world more fascinating. Here are birds and insects of intensely brilliant hue vying with the extravagance of the flowers of forest and jungle. Here roam tigers and crocodiles, buffalo and rhinoceros, while east of the Wallace Line on the map are those primitive pouched animals characteristic of Australia.



Young Musicians of the Padang Highlands of Sumatra

The Men Turned On

BEFORE Germany began enslaving other nations her savage tyranny had driven other exiles from Germany itself.

Harassed, plundered, impoverished, the German Jew had struggled out of their bondage if they could, to find sanctuary in other lands. Before September of last year 1700 professors of science and philosophy, men learned in law and medicine and industry, had been hounded out. They were men whose shoes Hitler is not fit to blacken.

Many have found employment in universities here and in the United States, welcomed in seats of learning for the wealth of thought they bring, though it may be the only wealth they have. In the future the countries which have received them will profit. They will sow the seed of new ideas in two hemispheres.

Germany has been rich in ideas for half a century, and the German Jews have been the fount and well-spring of an outstanding number of them in chemistry, physics, and mathematics. We can only suppose that Hitler, an uneducated man, is too ignorant to have heard of them.

The lesson of the exiles was written plain for Germany to read in her own history, for two centuries before, when Louis the Fourteenth drove the Huguenots out of France after murdering thousands of them on the Eve of St Bartholomew and sending

thousands more to the galleys, about 20,000 found their way to what is now Prussia, and they brought new wealth to a poor land by their skill and industry. They built Berlin, they put agriculture on its feet, they introduced new crafts and industries.

The Huguenot expulsion after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which had protected them and their religion, dealt France a blow which was felt throughout the 18th century; but it was of priceless value to other countries—to England and to America, as well as to Germany. The invigorating stream spread to Holland, to Ireland, to South Africa, and to the West Indies.

To Holland the Huguenots brought weavers of linen and silk. They made Utrecht famous for velvet. In England they did likewise, as the weaver's craft in East Anglia, the silk of Spitalfields, the paper works of Darent in Kent, and other trades in Stepney, Hoxton, and Bow bear witness. In Ireland they settled in Dublin, in Belfast (where they started the linen trade), in Cork, and in Waterford. Some of the famous names in Irish families come from Huguenot ancestors. In England we have from them such men as Dollond the optician and maker of telescopes; Dr A. C. Crommelin the astronomer, who with Dr Cowell calculated the last return



Ploughing a ricefield with oxen in the Island of Lombok, one of the Sunda group in the Netherlands East Indies

But it is the people who are so striking in their variety. There are Malays with round heads and narrow heads, Arabs and Papuans, Batak and Dayaks, fierce Achinese, and primitive Dusans. There are Hindus who built the amazing Buddhist temple of Boro-Budur before the Mohammedan Arabs swept in during the 15th century, and there are about a million Chinese, who do most of the retail trade.

The Europeans number only about a quarter of a million, the majority born on the islands, for (unlike our own administrators and traders in India) the Dutchman makes his home here, and, though rich families send their children to school in Holland, the children return to live in the East.

Java is by far the most populous and prosperous of the islands, about half of it being cultivated, a considerable proportion when we remember that a mountain range with 125 volcanoes runs across it, and that the jungle is always striving to spread once more over the areas won from it. Most of Java is owned and cultivated by the natives, some eight million acres being devoted to their staple food, rice, and nearly five million acres to maize.

Sugar is the chief foodstuff exported by the East Indies, over a million tons in 1937. Coffee and

tea amounted to 150,000 tons. Seven million tons of mineral oil is produced, a million tons of coal, and 40,000 tons of tin, while Britain spends about £1,000,000 a year on rubber from the well-cultivated plantations.

Four times the size of Java, and fourteen times as big as Holland, Sumatra is still awaiting development. About seven million people live there, yet it is capable of supporting ten times as many. The same applies to Borneo, the north of which is British, and to the other islands in the long 3000-mile chain. They have vast possibilities.

Surinam, which we call Dutch Guiana, is between French and British Guiana in South America, and is a land of dense forests with half its people concentrated in its capital, Paramaribo. Gold, sugar, rice, and cocoa are the chief exports. Curaçao and two other islands off Venezuela have leapt into importance because they refine petroleum from the mainland, while a group of three islands lies east of Porto Rico, the biggest (St Martin) being divided with France. The tiniest (Saba) is an extinct volcano, built being built in its crater and lifted over the rim into the sea!

Speaking generally, the Dutch Colonial Empire has been founded on trade, and in their administration the Dutch have revealed a sympathetic understanding of the races under their rule.

ut of Their Country

of Halley's Comet; Sir Samuel Romilly the law reformer; and Sir Henry Layard of Nineveh fame; all these were of Huguenot descent. It was Layard who coined the phrase "the right man in the right place." The Huguenots found the right place among us.

They were as useful in America, where they found liberty and new homes. But their farthest search for freedom took them to the Dutch people at the Cape, and there they settled on the Berg River. At the present day the descendants of these Huguenot settlers form a compact community 4000 strong who still preserve their old traditions, customs, and names. It is one of the stranger survivals of history.

A POTATO DISCOVERY

WHEN the deadly potato blight spread over England and ruined Ireland with the famine a century ago, one man (Dr Dan Tyerman) attributed the disease to its right cause, a microscopic fungus. His paper was published in a Cornish society's journal and was lost sight of for a number of years, while others independently proved the truth of his discovery.

But, though the cause was recognised, the same potato blight still robs potato growers of their profits all over the world. By a

curious coincidence a remedy has recently been announced almost on the centenary of the first discovery. By crossing well-known commercial varieties of the potato with a wild potato from tropical America that is resistant to the fungus, Professor Reddick of Cornell University has produced a potato which the blight does not touch. It has stood up against all attacks for several years, and if it holds its record for one year more the Department of Agriculture will release it to seed producers.

Now God Be THANKED Who Has Matched Us With His Hour

Now God be thanked Who
has matched us with His
hour

And caught our youth and
wakened us from sleeping.
Rupert Brooke

THEN lift the flag of the Last
Crusade!

And fill the ranks of the Last
Brigade!

March on to the fields where
the world's re-made,
And the ancient dreams come
true.
Tom Kettle

I WOULD rather belong to a
poor nation that was free
than to a rich nation that had
ceased to be in love with liberty.
Woodrow Wilson

HE alone keeps his life and
freedom who daily has to
conquer them again.
Goethe the German

If you want to go into battle,
have an Englishman at
your right hand and another
at your left, and two in front
and two behind.
Voltaire the Frenchman

LET the trouble be;
Light will follow dark.

I WOULD have the whole
world know that none but
Englishmen shall chastise an
Englishman. Admiral Blake

FIGHT on, my men, says Sir
Andrew Barton;

I am hurt, but I am not slain;
I'll lay me down and bleed
awhile,

And then I'll rise and fight
again. Old ballad

Now, gentlemen, let us do
something today which the
world may talk of hereafter.

Admiral Collingwood
on Trafalgar morning

I FIND the Englishman to be
he of all men who stands
firmest in his shoes. Emerson

WHO is the invincible man?
He whom nothing outside
the sphere of his moral purpose
can dismay. Epictetus

OUR country,
Our hearts, our hopes
are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our
prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our
fears,
Are all with thee, are all with
thee.

To live in the presence of
great truths and eternal
laws—that is what keeps a man
patient.

IN the night of death Hope
sees a star, and listening
Love can hear the rustle of a
wing.



CARRY ON

NOT IN VAIN

On, in the glorious future
When Christ the King of
Peace

Is King among the nations,
Then war itself shall cease.
And all who labour truly
To spread His glorious reign
Will find their humblest efforts
Have never been in vain.

E. E. Trustad

Let Us Cross Over

LET us cross over the river and
rest under the shade of the
trees.

Last words of a Southern General
in the American Civil War

God Has Created a New Day

GOD has created a new day.
Silver and green and gold;
Live that the sunset may find us
Worthy His gifts to hold.

The Blue Bells of Scotland

On where, and oh where, is your
Highland laddie gone?
He's gone to fight the foe for King
George upon the throne;
And it's oh, in my heart, how I wish
him safe at home.

Oh where, and oh where, does your
Highland laddie dwell?
He dwells in merry Scotland, at the
sign of the Blue Bell;
And it's oh, in my heart, that I love
my laddie well.

In what clothes, in what clothes, is
your Highland laddie clad?
His bonnet's of the Saxon green, his
waistcoat's of the plaid;
And it's oh, in my heart, that I love
my Highland lad.

Suppose, oh suppose, that your
Highland lad should die?
The bagpipes shall play over him
and I'll lay me down and cry;
And it's oh, in my heart, I wish he
may not die.

The Thing That Sways the Nations

FROM a long and miserable
experience of suffering, injus-
tice, disgrace, and aggression,
the nations of the earth are
mostly swayed by fear—fear of
the sort that a little cheap oratory
turns easily to rage, hate, and
violence. Joseph Conrad

For Those in Peril in the Air

LORD of all might, Thou God of
love,
Whose throne is in the heights
above;
The wind Thou holdest in Thine
hand,
The lightnings move at Thy
command.

Look down in mercy: hear our
prayer

For those in peril in the air.

Their escort be: their Guardian
strong
As in the skies they speed along;
Through clouds and storms and
trackless space
Guide and uphold them with
Thy grace.

In solemn hours when they
ascend,
Our homes and freedom to defend,
Be Thou their armour in the
fight,
Whose souls are precious in Thy
sight.

Thou art the Life of winged
things,
The Joy of every bird that sings;
The Love that heeds the raven's
call,
That stoops to mark the sparrow's
fall.

Look down in mercy: hear our
prayer

For those in peril in the air.

W. Nantlais Williams

THE OATH OF YOUTH

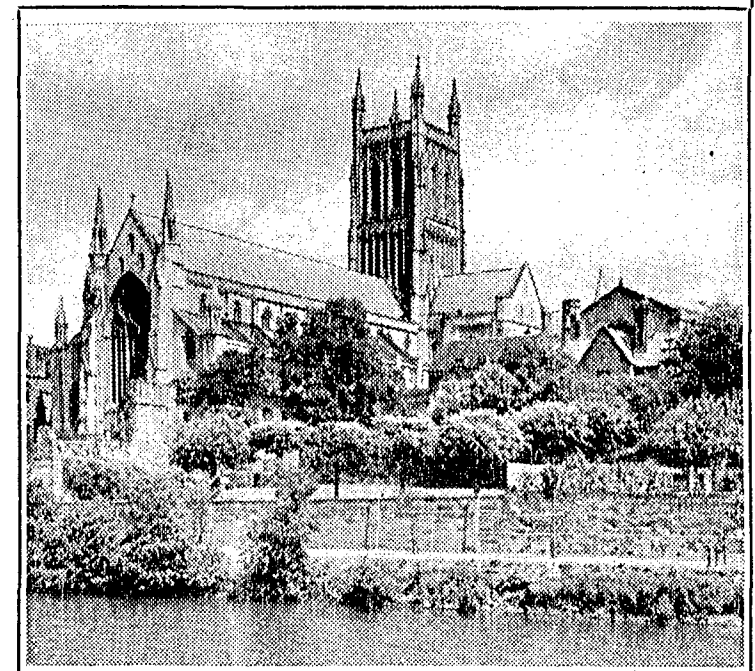
I WILL not disgrace my sacred
weapons nor desert the com-
rade by my side. I will fight for
things holy and things secular,
whether I am alone or with others.
I will hand on my Fatherland
greater and better than I found
it. I will hearken to the magis-
trates and obey the laws. I will
not destroy or disobey the con-
stitution. I will honour the tem-
ples and religion of my fathers.

Oath of Youth in Ancient Greece

EXPERIENCE

Nobody will use other people's
experience, nor have any of
his own till it is too late to use it.

Julian Hawthorne



Worcester Cathedral with its lovely 14th-century tower rising above the River Severn. In this medieval fane built on foundations laid by the Saxons a thousand years ago lies John, the king who stamped and raged as he fixed his seal to Magna Carta

Mercury's Close Approach to Venus

MARS IN THE SAME FIELD-OF-VIEW

THE planet Mercury has now joined Venus in the evening sky, writes the C.N. Astronomer, and during the next three weeks will be so placed relative to Venus that Mercury will be easily recognised during the twilight of these June evenings.

There is a fascination about getting a glimpse of this rarely seen little world of Mercury, because, owing to its proximity to the Sun, opportunities are so much fewer than in the case of the other bright planets. Mercury therefore never appears far above the horizon and so, in the evening, is always in the midst of the sunset after-glow. This dims the light of the little planet even though it shines, at times, with the brilliancy of Sirius. Mercury is therefore not easy to find as a rule, but on this occasion the presence of the brilliant Venus will indicate, by means of the accompanying diagram, just where to look. This shows their relative positions low in the north-west sky and the extent and direction each planet will travel between June 3 and June 15.

On Monday next Mercury will be setting about an hour and a half after the Sun and so will be sufficiently high above the horizon to be visible between about 9.30 and 10 o'clock. Mercury will appear some way to the right of Venus and at a lower altitude, being almost in a line with her and the point where the Sun has set.

During the next few days Mercury will appear rapidly to approach Venus, whose apparent motion is relatively small just now, as shown by the short arrow in the diagram; this is because Venus is travelling almost directly toward us. Ultimately, on the evenings of June 11 and 12, Mercury will have greatly reduced the apparent distance and will then be above Venus, only about three times the Moon's apparent width away. There will then be no mistaking Mercury

whose golden hue will contrast strikingly with that of the much brighter and silvery Venus. This difference in tint is to be expected as most of the sunlight from Venus is reflected from intensely white cloud surfaces while that from Mercury is reflected from arid and sun-baked rock surfaces which resemble somewhat that of our Moon.

Venus is now about 35 million miles away but Mercury is about three times as far though very rapidly approaching us at an average rate of nearly two million miles a day. The apparent close approach of Mercury to Venus is only the effect of perspective. Seen through a telescope Venus now



The positions of Venus, Mercury, and Mars at the beginning of next week

appears as a slender crescent, like the Moon when about three days old; whereas Mercury appears like a tiny gibbous Moon and only about one-tenth the width of Venus.

The much fainter Mars may be seen in the vicinity of Venus as if approaching her from the right and much nearer, at present, than Mercury. Mars will be close to Venus on the evenings of June 6, 7, and 8, when Venus will appear a little way above the very faint Mars.

On June 10, Mercury, Venus, and Mars should present an interesting picture and may all be seen together in the field-of-view of field or opera glasses; this will greatly help in spotting Mars against the twilight sky. During these evenings the presence of the crescent Moon, not far away, will add to the interest of this celestial scene. G. F. M.

The Testament of Honour

It has been a great pleasure to receive from the Headmaster of a High School in Capetown this dedication of the school's Testament of Honour, a record of the names of boys who bring or have brought honour to the school:

This book is dedicated to

All those who in past days have loyally and faithfully laboured in the cause of this school and built up, in its traditions of honour, a lasting memorial to their own names;

To all those who give of their devotion, their time, and their substance to the furtherance of its fair fame;

And to those especially whose names are not inscribed in this record but who, day by day and year by year, render silent and unselfish service, unrecognised perhaps and unrewarded by prize or trophy;

They shall not go unremembered or unhonoured, for their works are known to the Eternal Mind, and they are held forever in the hearts of their fellows and their friends.

THE Headmaster, Mr Ronald Graham, in sending us this beautiful dedication, tells us that the school loves the C.N. and finds it an inspiration in these dark days of war and confusion, and adds that all the best schools in South Africa are modelled on the public schools of the Mother Country.

"I am sure (adds Mr Graham) that you will be interested to know that the lovely spirit of England, with which the C.N. is so richly informed, lives here in spite of a conflict of races and colours and creeds; and there will always be, whatever the future of this country, a tradition that is 'forever England' infused into the very fabric of the nation, dowering and enriching its life."

The Railings Round St Paul's

THE talk of removing London's iron railings to turn them into guns has brought us the reminder that Sir Christopher Wren highly disapproved of the fencing of his beautiful church.

Some day, perhaps, we may hope to see St Paul's Cathedral placed centrally, as Wren designed it to be, in a noble piazza. It is the worst reproach on London citizens that they permitted Wren's work to be

walled in by warehouses, so that no man living has ever really seen it as it should be.

Time after time leases of this property fell in, and opportunity might have been taken to free the cathedral from its sordid surroundings, but on each occasion fresh buildings have been allowed to arise. A pity that so noble an edifice should remain hidden in the heart of London.

THE WINTER IS PAST

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. The Spring is more magical than usual this year. A few weeks ago the ground was hard with frost, and now the hedgerows are clothed in fresh green, and the birds and butterflies seem as numerous as ever.

Man. Yes, it is a wonderful Spring. The holly blue butterflies are exceptionally fine, and the peacock butterfly is plentiful. The apple trees were never so gay.

Boy. How is it that so much life survives the cold and that birds and insects seem as many as ever after a very hard winter?

Man. You must remember that there are many migrating species who winter in the warm South, and those who do not migrate know well how to live or sleep securely through hard times. It is a process of adaptation to circumstance. How wonderful it is to see a band of tits flitting through the woodland on a winter day, combing the branches or twigs for food we cannot see. Or consider the jenny wren, that tiny creature which can only live on insect food and yet contrives to find it somewhere, even in January!

Boy. But a hard winter must kill many, and it is not clear how the number of birds remains much the same.

Man. That is a thing few people understand, but it is not really difficult. It is like this. In any district there is a balance of life. It will support, whether by herbage or fruit, or by birds feeding on insects and so on, a certain number of living creatures. Beyond this the district can support no more. Each species, however, has many children, many more than the district can support. These, save for the number sufficient to replace their parents, die for lack of food.

Boy. It seems very cruel that so many creatures should be born only to die.

Man. It is the order of Nature and you will understand, that if in a hard season many creatures die they are readily replaced.

Boy. Yes, I have noticed that a tomtit has a family of eight, ten, or even twelve.

Man. So you will see that if a hard season kills off many tits the big families of those who survive soon replace the lost ones.

Boy. Looking at a tit's nest, I often wonder how the parent birds know which child to feed next; they all seem so much alike.

Man. That problem has two solutions. The first is that a hungry nestling goes on shouting for grubs until it can eat no more. The second is that the parents know each nestling from the others as a human parent knows the difference between Tom and Jack.

Competition Result

In C.N. Competition Number 98 the two best entries were sent in by Raymond Bednall, 4 St Agatha's Road, Birmingham; and D. Lindsay Watkins, 18 Llanfair Road, Penygraig, Glam. A prize of ten shillings has been sent to each of these readers.

The 15 prizes of half a crown were awarded to the following:

Margaret Burdon-Potts, Swansea; A. Davies, Swansea; Rosemary Fox, Stoke-on-Trent; Kenneth Greenfield, Horsham; Beryl Harper, Nottingham; John Harris, Maidstone; Iris Hull, Maldon; Betty McCallum, Glasgow; Jean Noyce, Edgware; Corinne Osborne, Pickering; A. F. M. Parsons, Kenilford; N. E. O. Smith, Catford; Enid Walker, Hayes, Kent; Eileen Winter, Harrow; P. K. Yeomans, Carmarthen.

The correct answers were: Ladder—builder. Medicine bottle—doctor. Dustpan—charwoman. Shaving-brush—barber. Scissors—tailor. Chopper—butcher. Easel—artist. Screwdriver—mechanic. Pencil—draughtsman. Wheelbarrow—gardener.

Cleanliness is Next to Godliness

We all know that cleanliness is next to godliness, but do we all realise the essentials of cleanliness in its physical sense?

A house may look clean because it is newly painted, but paint may cover a multitude of sins. An unpainted house with good drainage is clean, but a well-painted house with bad drainage is unclean.

Nothing is more remarkable about our imperfect civilisation than that it so readily robs human beings of the attributes of wild natural animal life. Let us observe how clean a bird is, and how clean its nest! See it preening its feathers, and keeping its children so fine that they leave the nest as perfect examples of their parents. The bird has a true pride of existence, which keeps it healthy. What a reproach it is to human beings that, although with superior intelligence, they so often neglect the essentials of true cleanliness.

To return to our illustration of the painted house with bad drains, this goes far. We see millions of girls and women spoiling their skins by painting them. The paint and powder choke the pores of the skin and make it unclean and unhealthy. No one could do this who understands that the skin is a vital organ of the body—so vital that if we varnished our bodies all over we should die of skin-choking.

Paint on the face does not kill us, but it certainly makes the skin unhealthy and compels a girl to go on painting all her life—a dreadful thought, for while paint is intolerable on the skin of a girl, it is even hideous on the skin of an ageing woman.

The most lovely fabric in the world is the fresh skin of a healthy girl, a thing to be cherished for what it is, and it is wicked to destroy it. Why make this lovely thing unclean?

All Flesh is Grass

PROBABLY an increasing number of people are taking to uncooked food.

In wartime we are strongly recommended to remember the virtues of such things as bracken tips and dandelions and sorrel. In the Great War a number of people ventured to boil rhubarb leaves as a green vegetable for the table, arguing that since the stalks were edible and palatable the leaves would be no less. So the curious discovery was made that rhubarb leaves were toxic, and quite a number of serious cases of poisoning occurred before the truth became widely known.

A correspondent recommends us to eat grass; and indeed it is very true that "all flesh is grass," but most of us prefer to consume our grass second-hand in the shape of beef and mutton. What our friend the grass-eater does is to munch raw mowings from any handy lawn. He has done so regularly for over three years! He simply cleans the mowings, washing them well to get rid of soil and stones. This recalls

the comic lines written of Nebuchadnezzar. That unhappy potentate did not, if the poet is to be believed, enjoy his herbage. On the contrary, he sighed—

*Sighed, as he munched the unaccustomed food,
It may be wholesome, but it is not good!*

It was well known that the domestic cat takes to eating grass when he feels less than good; perhaps he is right.

Let us also recall the British officer who, fighting the Spaniards, urged his men to greater efforts with the famous words: "Will you fellows who eat roast beef be beaten by those rascals who live on oranges?" We must not be thought, however, to take an ironical view of what is after all a serious subject. We really ought, whether in war or in peace, to eat more fresh fruit and vegetables. Perhaps some of our readers will work their way through the vegetable kingdom until they come to pure, undiluted grass, fresh from the tennis lawn!

Tiny Life in the Garden

IN a big garden today underground activity is at fever-heat. On lawns and paths, and in the divisions between the concrete slabs composing terraces and walks, appear multitudes of newly-raised little mounds of fine gravel.

No matter how heavily rolled the turf or the path, a puncture appears from below, and, as through a funnel, up come the grains of earth or sand to make heaps an inch deep and two or three inches across.

It is all the work of the ants, which are there perhaps in millions. It is they who, grain by grain, bring up this material and deposit

it in the open. They are extending their subterranean empire, making new roads and galleries so that they may bring out their larvae for airings, to leave them, hidden by the material of the upturned heaps, to benefit by light, warmth, and fresh air as long as the sun shines.

The heaps are thought by many people to foretell a coming swarming of ants, when the queens and males will fly off for their one-day's flight; but that comes later, when summer is ending and all the changes in bodily structure have been made for which this daily sunning of the larvae is the preparation.

The Atmospherics in Your Wireless

THOSE atmospherics which streak across our wireless sets come from distant thunderstorms; and in South Africa the success of a method of finding the thunderstorm has just been announced. Professor B. Schonland and Mr D. B. Hodges locate them by setting up "atmospheric detectors" at two points many miles apart, and noting the arrival of the atmospheric on each. The detectors, or direction-finders, are a special kind of cathode valve in principle like those employed at wireless stations; and they enable a thunderstorm, which is disturbing atmospherics, to be picked up as

far as 1000 miles away. Of the 275 thunderstorms on land which started the atmospherics, most were far less distant than that, and 70 miles away would be a fair average.

Other atmospherics detected come in from storms at sea in the Indian or Atlantic Oceans, but of the 182 atmospheric-producing storms on the oceans, a larger proportion come from those dark ragged clouds which herald rain. Altogether 76 per cent come from thunderstorms, and it has been found possible to trace the movement of the ocean disturbances 700 miles away for days together.

THE IMMORTAL VAGABOND

Oliver Goldsmith—By Himself

THE first misfortune of my life was great, but though it distressed it could not sink me. No person ever had a better knack at hoping than I.

I proceeded, therefore, towards London in a fine morning, no way uneasy about tomorrow; but cheerful as the birds that carolled by the road, and comforting myself with reflecting that London was the mart where abilities of every kind were sure of meeting distinction and reward.

Upon my arrival in town my first scheme was to be usher at an academy, and I asked my cousin's advice on the affair. He received the proposal with a true sardonic grin. Ay, cried he, this is indeed a very pretty career that has been chalked out for you. I have been an usher at a boarding-school myself; and may I die by an anodyne necklace but I had rather be an under-turnkey in Newgate.

The Examination

But are you sure you are fit for a school? Let me examine you a little. Have you been bred apprentice to the business? No. Then you won't do for a school. Can you dress boys' hair? No. Then you won't do for a school. Have you had the small-pox? No. Then you won't do for a school. Can you lie three in a bed? No. Then you will never do for a school. Have you got a good stomach? Yes. Then you will by no means do for a school. No, sir, if you are for a genteel, easy profession, bind yourself for seven years as an apprentice to turn a cutler's wheel; but avoid a school by any means. Yet, come, continued he, I see you are a lad of spirit and some learning: what do you think of beginning author, like me? You have read in books, no doubt, of men of genius starving at the trade; at present I'll show you forty very dull fellows about town that live by it in opulence.

Finding that there was no great degree of gentility affixed to the character of an usher, I resolved to accept his proposal. I resolved to

write a book that would be wholly new. I therefore dressed up three paradoxes with ingenuity. . . .

The learned world said nothing at all. Every man of them was employed in praising his friends and himself, or condemning his enemies; and unfortunately, as I had neither, I suffered the cruellest mortification, neglect.

My patience was now quite exhausted; stung with the thousand indignities I had met with, I was willing to cast myself away, and only wanted the gulf to receive me. I had still, however, half-a-guinea left, and as I was going along it happened that Mr Crispe's office seemed invitingly open to give me a welcome reception. In this office Mr Crispe kindly offers all his majesty's subjects a generous promise of £30 a year, for which promise all they give in return is their liberty for life, and permission to let him transport them to America as slaves. After a few questions he found I was fit for everything in the world. He assured me that there was at that time an embassy talked of from the synod of Pennsylvania to the Chickasaw Indians, and that he would use his interest to get me made secretary. I knew in my own heart that the fellow lied, and yet his promise gave me pleasure, there was something so magnificent in the sound. I fairly, therefore, divided my half-guinea, one half of which went to be added to his thirty thousand pounds, and with the other half I resolved to go to the next tavern to be there more happy than he.

As I was going out with that resolution I was met at the door by the captain of a ship, with whom I had formerly some little acquaintance, and he agreed to be my companion over a bowl of punch. He assured me that the office-keeper designed to sell me to the plantations. But, continued he,



Goldsmith

I fancy you might, by a much shorter voyage, be very easily put into a genteel way of bread. My ship sails tomorrow for Amsterdam. What if you go in her as a passenger? The moment you land, all you have to do is to teach the Dutchmen English, and I'll warrant you'll get pupils and money enough. I agreed with his proposal, and embarked the next day.

The wind was fair, our voyage short, and, after having paid my passage with half my movables, I found myself, as fallen from the skies, a stranger in one of the principal streets of Amsterdam. I addressed myself, therefore, to two or three of those I met whose appearance seemed most promising, but it was impossible to make ourselves mutually understood. It was not till this very moment I recollected that in order to teach the Dutchmen English it was necessary that they should teach me Dutch!

On to Louvain

This scheme thus blown up, I had some thoughts of shipping back to England again, but, falling into company with an Irish student who was returning from Louvain, I learned that there were not two men in his university who understood Greek. This amazed me. I instantly resolved to travel to Louvain and there live by teaching Greek. When I came to Louvain I tendered my talents to the principal. Finding me perfectly earnest in my proposal he addressed me thus: You see me, young man. I never learned Greek, and I don't find that I have ever missed it. I have had a doctor's cap and gown without Greek; I have 10,000 florins a year without Greek; and, in short, I do not believe there is any good in it.

I was now too far from home to think of returning, so I resolved to go forward. I had some knowledge of music, with a tolerable voice, and now turned what was my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry, for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards nightfall I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging but subsistence for the next day.

A Skill in Disputation

In this manner I proceeded to Paris, with no design but just to look about me, and then to go forward. My skill in music could avail me nothing in a country where every peasant was a better musician than I; but by this time I had acquired another talent which answered my purpose as well, and this was a skill in disputation. In all the foreign universities and convents there are, upon certain days, philosophical theses maintained against every adventitious disputant, for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. In this manner, therefore, I fought my way towards England.

Oliver Goldsmith in The Vicar of Wakefield

Children's Teeth in War-Time



Even in war time a child's diet must contain a proportion of sweet things for nourishment and energy. But sweet things cause acid-mouth which encourages the germs which attack and decay the teeth. To protect the teeth a child's toothpaste should contain plenty of 'Milk of Magnesia', the most effective neutralizer of mouth acid known. Only in one toothpaste is 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid to be found and that is Phillips' Dental Magnesia which contains 75%.

Children who use this pleasant tasting toothpaste regularly, always have the whitest teeth and are practically free from decay with its distressing toothache and disfiguring gaps. Get a tube today.

Sold everywhere, 6d. 10½d. and 1/6.

PHILLIPS' DENTAL MAGNESIA

* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

All Sussex in One Volume

Arthur Mee's *Sussex*. Hodder & Stoughton, 10s 6d.

I CANNOT conceive any book written about Sussex being more comprehensive. Every aspect of this still most delectable county is dwelt on in Mr Mee's amazing guide-book, which, however, is so much more than a guide-book, as most people understand the term. The old romances of county history are told. The famous old characters live again.

The book abounds in excellent photographs, and will probably be not only the last word on Sussex, but a standard work for all those who live in or wish to explore this still most lovely English county.

Tatler

BEDTIME CORNER

Tony Meets Binks

TONY was flying his new balloon when along came the wind, tore the string out of his hand, and sent it racing away.

Tony raced after it, you may be sure, and had nearly caught it up when it floated away over a hedge and came to rest in an apple-tree.

Beyond the hedge was a garden, and as Tony was looking for a gate to let him in he heard a dog bark.

Tony wasn't afraid of dogs he knew, but the big, black-and-white terrier that came bounding down the garden path, barking furiously, pulled him up. When it reached the gate it stopped, and eyed Tony as if daring him to enter.

After a minute Tony made up his mind. He wasn't going to lose his lovely balloon; and so, though his heart was beating fast, he pushed open the gate and walked slowly through.

With a bark and a jump the terrier sprang forward.

Tony caught his breath. Was he going to—? Not a bit of it! Down with a scuffle came the young rascal on all fours again, and out came a long red tongue to lick Tony's hand.

"Binks! Binks!" came a voice from the house; and out came a tall man.

"Hallo!" he said, as he caught sight of Tony.

"I only came in to get my balloon," Tony explained, pointing to the apple-tree.

And, of course, after that everything was happy and jolly again. The big man took Tony into the house and gave him an orange, and told him he must come again and play with Binks. "He seems to have taken a fancy to you," he added laughing.

"FOUNTAIN PEN" ACTION

The Gillott Nib with the new "Ink-duct Reservoir" attachment (Pat. No. 477466) gives fountain-pen action with advantages of Gillott's Stainless Steel Nib. "Ink-duct" opens for easy cleaning. Supplied with four patterns of nib.

THE INK-DUCT HOLDS THE INK

High-class stationers' stock—or particulars can be obtained from Joseph Gillott & Sons, Ltd., on application.

Gillott's Pens

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS LTD., VICTORIA WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.

THE BRAN TUB

SPQR

A LITTLE boy was studying a picture of Roman soldiers when he turned to his father, a business man, and asked:

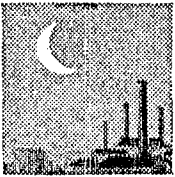
"Dad, what do the initials SPQR mean on this Roman standard?"

"Well," said Father doubtfully, "possibly they mean Small Profits—Quick Returns."

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Venus, Mars, and Mercury are low in the north-west.

In the morning Jupiter and Saturn are in the east. The picture shows the



Moon at 7 am on Sunday, June 2.

A Good Reason

SNARLED a panther, "Although I'm a cat, I decline, for repose, a wool mat,

And what's more, I have found That such mats don't abound In the jungle—so that settles that!"



Calm weather in June sets corn in tune

Jumbled Army Ranks

IF properly rearranged the letters of each of the following phrases spell the names of five Army ranks.

RIPE VAT OR JAM
I CAN TAP TUNE IN LATE
MORBID BEAR

Answer next week

Six Chinese Proverbs

THOSE who cannot sometimes be deaf are unfit to rule.

The error of a moment becomes the sorrow of a lifetime.

By nature all men are alike; by education widely different.

Riches come better after poverty than poverty after riches.

The gods cannot help a man who loses opportunities.

One lash to a good horse; one word to a wise man.

100 Years Ago

TWO centuries of two famous Victorians occur next week.

On June 2, 1840, Thomas Hardy, novelist and poet, was born at Upper Bockhampton, near Dorchester. He died at the age of 88, and his ashes were buried in Westminster Abbey.

On June 6, 1840, Sir John Stainer, the composer, was born in London. He was organist at St Paul's and Oxford, and his best-known work is The Crucifixion.

One Thing at a Time

ONE morning the chief looked up irritably from his desk and called out to the office boy: "Don't whistle while you're working, boy."

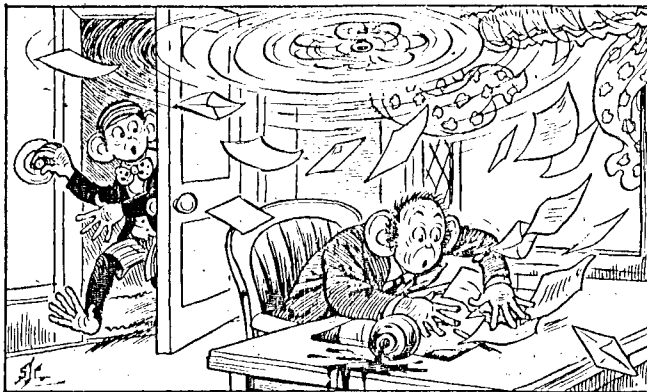
"I'm not working, sir," was the cheerful reply.

Transposition

A EUROPEAN capital Is, in the first place, shown. Its letters spell a certain place In France that's widely known; Also a word which has to tell Of something done alone.

Answer next week

Jacko Makes a Stir



JACKO pushed open the parlour door and found his father seated before the open window with all his papers spread out in front of him. "Hallo!" cried Jacko, looking up, "you've fixed the electric fan, Dad." "Yes," said his father absently. "It'll come in useful when we get some hot weather." Jacko grinned, reached up, and turned the switch. "Whizz!" What a wind! It caught Father Jacko's papers, swirled them round—and sent them flying out of the window!

The Tide 60 Feet High

THE Bay of Fundy in eastern Canada is remarkable for the extraordinary great rise and fall of its tides. In the lower reaches this is about 25 feet, which increases toward the upper end till sometimes the immense height of 62 feet is reached. In many places only an expanse of red mud can be seen at low water, over which the tide rushes in a wall often six feet high. A remarkable fact is that at spring tides the water in the Bay of Fundy is 19 feet higher than in Northumberland Strait, which is only 15 miles away.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

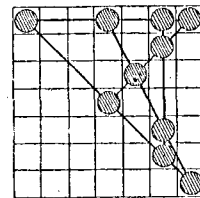
Changed Word. Lever, revel, ever, Eve
Mistakes Picture. No flag-pole, flag blowing opposite way to that shown by boat, notice wrongly spelt, no grass, dog's lead not attached, moon in wrong position, window upside-down, butt has only one hoop, dog has only three legs and wrong tail, man's hat has bow on wrong side.

Word Square

SPACE
PALER
ALTAR
CEASE
ERRED

Flowers

Daisy
Anemone
Hollyhock
Lily
Iris
Aster



Ici on Parle Français

The Troublesome Train

In Ireland trains have a way of not being up to time. On one occasion an Englishman, taking it for granted that the train would be late, arrived accordingly. He found that the train had actually been, and gone.

"Surely the train wasn't up to time?" he said to the porter.

"She was," said the porter.

"She's the punctuallest train in Ireland, a great inconvenience to the travelling public!"

Le Train Fâcheux

En Irlande les trains ont l'habitude d'avoir du retard. Un jour un Anglais, comptant que le train serait en retard, arriva après l'heure. Il apprit que le train était arrivé et reparti.

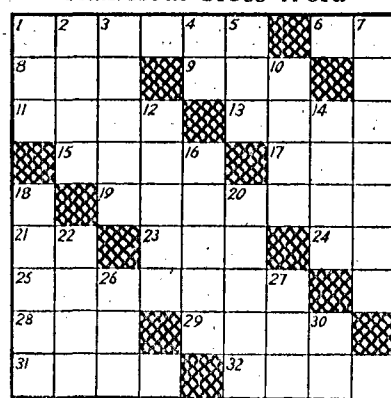
"Vous n'allez pas me dire que le train était à l'heure?" dit-il au porteur.

"Sûrement," répondit le porteur. "C'est le train le plus ponctuel de l'Irlande, ce qui est fort gênant pour les voyageurs."

Reading Across. 1 Sympathetically cheerful. 6 Able-bodied seaman. 8 Interjection meaning Hail! 9 At equal distance from extremes. 11 Unites with needle and thread. 13 To mend a hole in a woollen garment. 15 Small lizard-like inhabitant of ponds. 17 A big serpent. 19 Link between two military units. 21 Above and touching. 23 Appropriate. 24 Child's name for Mother. 25 A colonist. 28 Before. 29 Small diving sea-duck. 31 To wander. 32 A long beam.

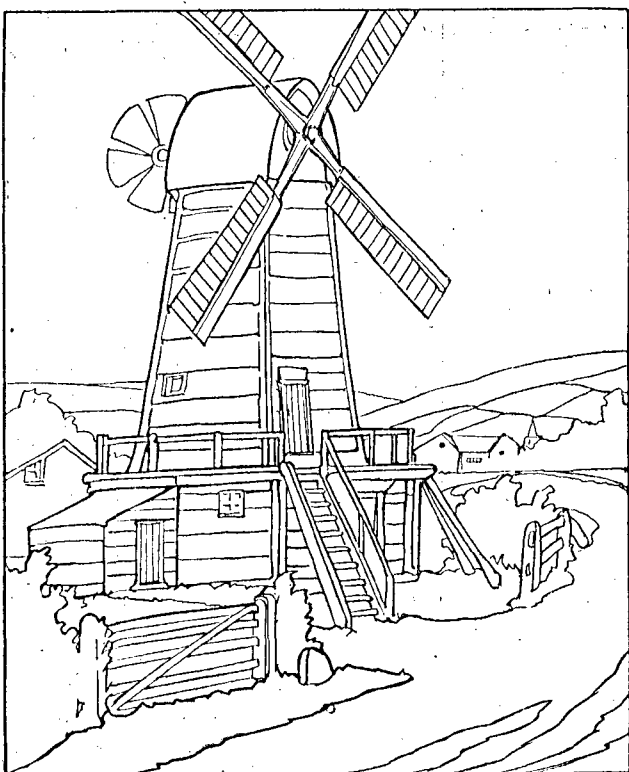
Reading Down. 1 A vaporous substance. 2 Level. 3 Post supporting the staircase rail. 4 Exist. 5 A cover. 7 Long yellow fruits. 10 Gentle blows. 12 A swallow-like bird. 14 A chamber. 16 Bo-Peep's friends brought these behind them. 18 This puzzle is this. 20 Scraps of news. 22 He fiddled while Rome burned. 26 A beverage. 27 A ribbed or corded fabric. 30 Western Australia.

Half-Hour Cross Word



Asterisks indicate abbreviations
Answer next week

CN PAINTING COMPETITION



Ten Shillings Each For Two Readers and Half-Crowns For 15 Others

LET the CN help you to earn some extra pocket-money.

Two prizes of ten shillings each are offered for the best attempts to colour this picture of a windmill, and 15 half-crowns for the next best entries.

Cut out the picture and paste it on a postcard. When the paste has dried colour the picture with paints or crayons, and write your name, address, and age on the card. Post it to CN Competition Number 99, 27a Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp), to arrive not later than first post on Thursday, June 6.

This competition is for girls and boys of 15 or under, and allowance will be made for age when judging. Only one attempt can be accepted from each reader, and the Editor's decision will be final.

WHEN A CHILD IS FEVERISH, CROSS, UPSET



Colic, wind, disordered stomach, frequent vomiting, feverishness, in babies and children, generally show food is souring in the little digestive tract.

When these symptoms appear, give Baby a teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia.' Add it to the first bottle of food in the morning. Older children should be given their dose in a little water. This will comfort the child—make his stomach and bowels easy. In five minutes he is comfortable and happy. It will free the bowels of all sour, indigestible food. It opens the bowels in constipation, colds and children's ailments. Children take it readily because it is palatable and pleasant-tasting.

Obtainable everywhere, at 1/3 & 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

Whether their children

are at home or away from home, East End mothers are having a trying time now. They are anxious and harassed. They need rest and change. So do many aged, worn-out men and women, and such poor children (and they are many) as are at home in Stepney. Please help us as we confer these great benefits—THE REV. FRANK INNESON, EAST END MISSION, Bromley Street, Commercial Road, Stepney, E.1.

You must play PINOCCHIO

The NEW Walt Disney CARD GAME—and the best yet

FOR over half a century the story of "Pinocchio" has delighted the hearts of the children of Italy. Now the immortal art of Walt Disney has brought to life all the wonderful characters of this beautiful fairy story for the benefit of children the world over.

The game of Pinocchio has simplicity, charm and family atmosphere. It is the ideal pastime for the home, for any number of players.

Pinocchio cards are superbly printed in FULL COLOURS on high quality card, and every one is different. Here you can meet Pinocchio, Jiminy Cricket, Monstro, Blue Fairy, the Fox and the Cat, Geppetto, and Stromboli—all of them re-created by the magic of Walt Disney.

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